

THE TRAIL

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THE TRAIL

Published by the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta

Two Distinguished Additions

Lord Byng of Vimy

At a special Convocation held on September 14th, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Governor-General of Canada. In presenting Lord Byng to the Chancellor, President Tory said: "We honour Alberta when we honour him by conferring this degree."

Nothing further need be added here in support of this statement. As the victorious and popular leader of the Canadian Corps, Lord Byng of Vimy holds a place in the heart of Canada which is peculiarly his own.

Rev. F. W. Patterson

At the first Fall Convocation held on October 13th, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Rev. F. W. Patterson, for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Edmonton, and now President-elect of Acadia University.

Dr. Patterson exerted a strong influence on the social life of this Province, and the honour conferred upon him is well deserved. In his new duties as President of Acadia University, he carries with him the best wishes of many friends in Alberta.

Halley Hamilton Gaetz

As we were going to press the sudden news was received of the death of Professor Gaetz due to heart failure. He had been slightly unwell for some days but no thought of anything serious had occurred to any and, if to himself, he had kept it entirely within his own mind. Professor Gaetz was one of the most highly respected and trusted members of the University staff. He came to the University as Director of the School of Pharmacy when it opened in 1916. An old timer in the West, with interest for its life and outlook, he entered with a patriotic zeal on the work of building up a real School of Pharmacy in the University. In the eight years of his Professorship the Pharmacy Department grew into prominence among the similar schools in Canada. He was looked upon by the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association as one of their wisest and best counsellors. His place in the University of Alberta will be very difficult to fill both because of his intellectual powers and because of his deep human interest.

—H. M. T.

The Dramatic Circle

Sir:—In your issue of July I suggested that the interest in drama aroused by our production of "The Romantic Age" last spring might be maintained by a group of members of the Alumni Association. Although this suggestion did not seem to attract any attention at the time, apparently the idea has been revived, for a request has been made to me to state in a more concrete way any proposal for such a study group, and to call a meeting for organization.

It may be objected at the outset that there are already so many non-professional (rather than amateur) groups, already operating to produce plays that it is a waste of time trying to add to the number. These groups exist merely for the purpose of providing entertainment by "putting on" plays; the group which I suggest would probably also do that as they gained experience and had a definite aim, but the plays so produced would not have as their object popular entertainment in any form. Their production of plays would be a kind of extension department of the study undertaken at their meetings. They might, for example, study typical plays by Ibsen—they could not very well do otherwise if they wished to understand the drama of the last half-century—and, if they had exponents of sufficient calibre, might perform "Hedda Gabler" or "Rosmersholm." But such a performance would obviously be quite a different thing

from, say, "The Romantic Age." Only those genuinely interested in the art of the theatre would think of these plays as entertainment.

At first a less ambitious programme might have to be followed, such as the study of those great contemporary plays which are unlikely, for commercial reasons, to be given on the professional stage; but the proposed organization would not be worth while if it did not aim at appreciating the greater dramatic values. The alumni of our University seem best fitted to carry on this work in the community. But have we a sufficient number of members willing not only to give up one night every two weeks to the reading and preparation of plays, but also fit and ready to act if required? The majority of such members would require to be alumni rather than alumnae, for the average ratio of men to women in cast of plays is about 3 to 2.

The answer to this practical question will determine whether we are ready for a somewhat ambitious organization. What the answer may be I do not know, but at the request of your Executive I am willing to try to find out. Will all those who care to become active members of the Drama Circle (as I should like to call it) attend a meeting to be announced through the mails in the near future.

Yours truly,

J. ADAM.

F. H. Varley

In view of the fact that the Alumni Association is taking a leading part in having a portrait of President Tory painted by Mr. F. H. Varley, for presentation to the University, the following brief account of Mr. Varley's work will be of special interest.

The article is from the pen of Mr. Barker Fairley, well known to many of our earlier graduates, and appeared first in the "Canadian Forum."

When the Canadian war canvases were exhibited in London in 1919, Mr. Varley's pictures

came in for special recognition. It was natural that they should. A prominent London critic said to the present writer: 'Varley was the only artist who got the war into his canvases.' This sums up the perfectly simple achievement of the four or five large canvases which contain his chief contribution to the collection. If in fifty years' time they are found to have outworn most of the remaining collection, it will be because without bias of style or mood they set down what human beings feel and think about war in its deepest, its least political, and its least topical, aspects. The only other artists who attempted as much had recourse to formula. Paul Nash satirized war by making geometry of it. Mr. Varley, by greater force of temperament, was able to dispense with such devices and simply digest the whole concern.

The London critics who recognized the power of his canvases were, however, not in a position to realize all that had happened. Some of those who had read the London reviews in Canada began to suspect that over and above the actual pictures that had been painted an artist had found himself. That suspicion has been fully borne out in the three years that have followed. The sending of Mr. Varley to France to paint for the War Records was the beginning of an important career. He had painted remarkably little for many years and appears to be an extreme case of inner growth without productivity. His real ability was known, so far as one can discover, to a very small number of people. One of these might have asked five years ago whether the compelling impetus to production would ever come. It did come with the war, and the danger of over-retardation was averted. The fruits of those years of lying fallow are shown in the artist's extraordinary reserve of spiritual power which carried him like a strong tide past the studio pre-occupations

of other artists and thrust him into the heart of his tremendous subject.

If Mr. Varley had had more regular development he would have been more abreast of his time and he would have hesitated to paint so old-fashioned a picture as his famous "For What?" which is narrative and realistic, in fact quite in the story-picture tradition. It shows corpses in a tip-cart and a burial party at work behind. It is almost childishly intelligible, and, for modern apprehensions, a little out of date. And yet we may be glad that the artist was sufficiently unsophisticated to paint in this direct way. His picture compels approval because it shows strong emotion under perfect control and hence justifies itself.

The development from this notable beginning was very rapid. It is difficult to believe that the painter of this essentially Victorian canvas is the same person who, within two years painted the stench of corruption in his "Sunken Road". Looking over this group of pictures one is amazed to find how organic it is. The feeling of mortality is uppermost. In "Prisoners", the mutilated trees seem to totter like the stumbling figures below as if Nature herself were toiling through the mud, and not merely a few captive Germans. This is a great formal achievement without the slightest abatement of reality. The merits of these pictures only yield themselves slowly to the mind. Meanwhile, it is said, they are lying in a cellar in Ottawa along with much other good work.

It was natural to assume in the face of these indisputable results that the war which called out this great spiritual effort in Mr. Varley would leave him stranded on the shoals of peace as a war-painter whose only further hope was another cataclysm. Humanity always treats artists who make a real success as if they were under a moral obligation to stop

work or repeat themselves. For we love to classify and the artist who stands still gets recognition quickest. Mr. Varley, having shown himself in his war canvases to have a rare gift for large compositions in figure and landscape, returned to Canada to paint portraits. His war canvases are just beginning to be forgotten by the public and his portraits are looked for in our exhibitions.

The difficulty of discussing the portraits is increased by the fact that they have not yet been seen in fitting company. One would like to set them beside the best work of today and see if they in any way held their own. There is a good deal to live up to. Augustus John executes brilliant brush work of his sitters. He finds the human soul an endlessly exciting mystery and expresses this feeling every time he paints. It is the opposite view to Whistler's, who cared above all for tonal and pictorial values and painted his mother and Carlyle as if they were identical in character, instead of being as different as two human beings well could be. Sargent paints with consummate distinction and sanity, but quite unphilosophically. Hence there are few undercurrents in his work. Orpen seems to be almost devoid of the capacity to sympathize with his sitter, but his brilliant technique blinds the spectator to his short-comings.

To apply the standard set by these four, individually and collectively, to the work of two or three years in a Toronto studio by a hitherto little known artist, will seem absurd to those who test works of art by their avoidance of errors. Mr. Varley's portraits, few as they are, can only be profitably judged by that severe standard. How else is one to estimate the deeply original powers revealed in these early and, in part, tentative canvases? Ordinary, conventional tests are useless in such cases. It is child's play to show that Joseph Conrad cannot manage a plot, that Hardy

never showed an instinctive gift of style, and that Masfield's temperament runs away with him every other time he takes up a pen. But when we suspect the presence of deep creative forces in an artist we cannot be content with academic rulings.

The portrait of Mr. Vincent Massey in Hart House, Toronto, is an instructive canvas to examine. It shows conclusively the artist's power to immerse himself in the mood of his sitter. Of the contemporary masters mentioned only Augustus John has this power in any marked degree, and in his case it is so strong as to take almost complete possession of him and to make him frequently indifferent to the objective problems of his canvas. Mr. Varley has clearly endeavored to carry the mood over the whole picture so that every square inch of canvas speaks and breathes the sitter, and places itself in pictorial relation to the face and the figure. This endeavour, if perfectly carried out, would combine the John idea with the Whistler idea and present that very rare thing—an organic portrait. Judged by this severe test, which there is nothing in the Canadian tradition to supply, the portrait of Mr. Massey stands as a real achievement. It is not perfect. One feels that the paint is put on with the strain of creative effort rather than with the ease of confident mastery, though even on that score the picture would lose in psychological intensity if the strain of execution were removed. One feels, too, that the bright colour of the background in the region of the head is a slightly precarious adventure into colour interpretation and finally convincing. But one would not change these things for the canvas has succeeded in its deeper purpose of steeping itself in the sitter and it will tell its intimate tale long after the common run of portraits have lost their interest.

Chance has thrown in Mr. Var-

ley's way an unusual range of sitters, in their very variety enough to exhaust any ordinary artist. He has shown in one canvas or another that he can paint a coarse type or a refined type, childhood or age, man or woman, and usually with his quite unique power of absorption in his subject. Consider, for example, the two Massey portraits in Hart House, the two child portraits, "John" and "Miss Mary Kenny," the self-portrait, the portrait of Mrs. Ely, and the "Portrait of a Model." Or, more simply and equally conclusively, consider the portrait of Mr. I. H. Cameron and the crayon drawings of women and children at the present O.S.A. exhibition.

On their own evidence these works betoken an extraordinary ambition and an extraordinary power. The portrait of Mr. Cameron, now on view at the Art Gallery, is the most complete and powerful of the portraits. There is no preoccupation with unusual lighting, as in some earlier canvases, nor is there any trace of a former conflict between head and background. It is at once the most traditional and the most original picture in the exhibition. The problem is taken straightforwardly and at its fullest. The task of reconciling jubilant blue and red robes with a colourless complexion and a severe interpretation of character might have floored any artist, but here it is solved with complete simplicity and without anything of emotional seriousness. As an example of a not dissimilar problem solved more cold-bloodedly there is the fine Strang portrait at the University of Toronto.

This portrait of Mr. Cameron, exhibited in London, might conceivably bring the artist at a

bound into secure recognition. Less must be expected here. We are still without the spiritual self-reliance to do these things for ourselves. But even for those who insist on seeing promise rather than achievement it is surely a question of the highest promise or none. For some—the writer of this article among them—Mr. Varley has already shown that his place is somewhere among the four famous names that have been referred to above. His 'long suit' will be his incapacity to do what none of these four has quite escaped—he will never reduce his temperament to a formula. You can truthfully say 'Whistler—Japan,' 'Sargent—Velasquez,' and you have the secret of their success and also the limitation of their genius.

Mr. Varley has shown, during the short space of three years, that there is no external label for him. And he has shown such a range of mood and subject that only those who have digested and can clearly recall some twelve canvases, comprising landscape, war-pictures, and portraits, are in any position to estimate his full power. Very few people go to that trouble. And hence the diversity of casual opinion that is heard. 'Varley is really a war-painter.' 'He should stick to painting children.' 'He should paint landscapes and leave portraits alone.' This is merely the voice of our civic perplexity at an artistic phenomenon of real magnitude. There are two ways of avoiding that perplexity, either by staying away from art galleries altogether or by carrying curiosity to the point of serious thought and study.

BARKER FARLEY.

With the Current

Whirling waters splash the bows
 And high clay cutbanks pass
 In dignified haste,
 With a waving of grass-fringes in the wind
 And a solemn nodding of pine-plumes.
 Around the boat the waters laugh
 And dash rainbowed spray through the sunshine
 With a burst of silvery merriment.
 They are singing

You and your boat

Here on the earth,

(Hark how the waters gurgle and laugh),

What are you worth?

What are you worth

As you float and dream;

You that are gay with snatches of song,

Drifting downstream?

A curtain of gray rolls upward out of the east

Shading westward to green

And the green to golden flame.

Shadows are growing longer and deeper,

Gathered into the covering shadow of night.

The waters flow softly,

Sing softly as they flow

You drifted down the river merrily

Trough a golden day.

Hearing songs that strangely, airily,

Rose and died away.

But I was always bringing you, bringing you,

Here to the ending of light and of laughter

Into the night.

—KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

Woods, Sherry, Collison and Field
Woods, Sherry, Macalister and Craig

BARRISTERS

SOLICITORS

NOTARIES

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J. MACALISTER.

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W. D. CRAIG.

J. D. O. MOTHERSILL

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Sparks from the Anvil of the Treasurer

News of members has been received from as far north as the Yukon, as far west as Vancouver, as far east as Oxford, and as far south as Los Angeles. The mails have delayed word from those farther afield, for why, is there no word from Roy Stevens? Has the literary feat in the July number of *The Trail* used up his supply of paper, or was the "dunn" sent out by the treasurer too blunt in its demand for financial and literary aid? A word from Roy of Jamaica, or from Charlie Young of India would be welcome indeed.

Before the present treasurer had time to take the oath of office we were swamped with letters from a number of members, e.g.: Lillian Husband of Onoway, Alta.; Bertha Lawrence, of the city, who is now somewhere in "Blighty"; Beatrice Dake, of Cereal, Alta., and one of the previous members, Walter Davidson, of 308 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. We would have gladly heard from many more.

W. C. Pollard must appreciate *The Trail* when he sent in his subscription early in May. Would that there were more like him.

W. S. McDonald finds time to call at Edmonton occasionally, when the Water Power Branch, Dept. of Int., in Calgary, is able to spare him. W. S. gladly handed over his two beans but did not offer any poetry and we were quite satisfied.

Dr. N. A. Clark, of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, is a real member of the Assoc. He sent his fee and a letter in August. Both were lost in the mail, so you may be surprised to hear that he repeated the experiment and was successful at the second attempt. That is how Norman gets to where he wants. He is of the type that "can't be beat."

Mable Poole is at Vegreville, and retains a live interest in the Assoc.

Max Fife at Massachussetts In-

stitute of Technology says his lectures keep him so busy that he is able to keep out of mischief. Can you imagine him more busy than that?

R. P. Miller, 1584 Le Roy Ave., Berkely, Calif., sends news of Sam Francis, who is teaching in the Collegiate at San Mateo, Calif.; also of L. V. Miller, who is in the same vicinity—making good roads, we presume.

W. M. Fleming is still with the Dept. of Agriculture at Duncan, B.C. He is as busy as Max Fife, so he, too, keeps out of mischief.

Miss C. W. Dyde writes from Camrose to send dues, but gives little news other than that she is at the Normal school, so many should be helped by her instruction.

A. Hallman, Daulton, Sask., always find time and money to keep in touch with a few of the members. There is a rumor that he may again appear in Edmonton before long. May we soon see his little self and hope he will build another High Level bridge while in the city.

Doug Telfer sends news of himself and A. S. Cummings, from St. James, Man. Doug is pastor of St. James Methodist church, and A. S. Cummings is one of his co-workers. The latter's address is 249 Parkview St. St. James' Methodists show their good sense in extending invitation of a "Third Term" to Douglas. A. S. C. is registrar at Wesley College, so is probably in touch with Dr. Riddel occasionally.

Rev. Norman Priestley, of Coaldale, Alta., found time from the care of four congregations to drop us a line. Those then who don't have time to send a word, etc., etc., must be very busy. Quite a few of them are busy.

J. E. Jaffray reports a good season in his work on irrigation with the Dom. Govt., in the south country. His address is 513-8th Ave., W., Calgary.

A letter from Reston, Man., was

from Mrs. Dr. McIntyre (nee Sibyl Sprung). Many will be interested.

Dick Bryden is busy somehow at Bremner, Alta.

B. Robinson, Agr. 20, is Agricultural Representative at Pen-ticton, B.C. having moved from Vernon in September. B.C. knows where to get good men it would seem from several Alberta boys are with them.

F. W. Gray is taking a course in sociology at Wayne, Alta. incidently he is also close to nature at the coal mining game. Miss Ivy Steele is Principal of a fine new school in the same town.

S. K. Jaffray like his brother J. E. thinks the south country is far too dry, and is engaged in as he says, "coaxing the good Bow River water away from home for the benefit of the would be farmer who has stuck it".

Gordon Smithers, B.Sc, in Mining 21' is trying to ferret a little of the "where with all" from Mother Nature at Schumacher, Ont.

Balliol College, Oxford allowed A. B. Harvey time to send us a line and enclose his fee.

C. F. Reilly is teaching Western Canada College, Calgary. The boys ther will soon learn to say oui, oui or (c'ne fait rien) under his capable guidance.

84 Glencairn Ave., Toronto is the address given by Dorothy Whitman, where she is again studying Chemistry after a strenuous summer at Banff.

Clarence Tooky is hard at it with the Occidental Life Insurance company, Los Angeles, Cal. Clarence was married the past summer and we extend our best wishes for their happiness. His home is at Santa Monica.

H. E. Read is another Engineer who has been hard at work all summer surveying in the vicinity of Grand View, Manitoba.

The Principal of the Berseker, Alta. consolidated school sends his help. His name is Arthur R. Morgan.

John R. Gaetz is interested in butter. You will find him at Markerville, Alta.

A. T. Glanville (barrister), is helping to keep the towns of St. Paul de Metis and Bellis as they should be. He is ably assisted by Buckley.

Another Engineer, D. Simpkin, writes from Buffalo, N.Y., where he is helping Fred Batson to build an eleven storey hotel. One who reads the above items will notice that some Engineers are busy even if some others are not.

One lonely letter from McGill is signed by J. W. McKinney, who is still busy in the Chemistry Department.

C. F. Carswell, of Jones, Scott & Carswell, is one of the "Big Three" of Rimbey, Alta. He is one of many who are kind enough to give a word of appreciation of The Trail.

Dr. A. L. Caldwell, of Empress, Alta. (McGill grad., U. of A. undergrad), also sends a word of appreciation of The Trail. Sandy should be induced to write something himself in his inimitable style for The Trail.

We are pleased to report that E. L. Whittaker has still a dollar or two left, as he again willingly left his fee in Edmonton when on a visit this autumn.

Archie McGillvary is seeking the shekels at Britannia Mine, B. C. He is training up a son to help him in the long chase for those elusive bits.

Bill Seyer and family returned to Sunny Alberta for a bit during the summer. He brought word that Lee Brown and A. E. White are still in Vancouver. Dr. Seyer is still with the Chemistry Dept., University of B. C.

E. G. Hollies, B.A. '21, is teaching in Central High, Calgary. His address is 1219 12th Ave., W.

H. C. Clark, '15, is in town helping the principal of McDougal High school with prospective alumni of the U. of A.

Giles H. Clark is teaching at King Edward Junior High, as are also Marion Cato, Margaret McAllister.

Steve Atkinson is taking post graduate work with the Industrial Research Dept., University, on fuels.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

Fife-May—W. M. Fife, B.Sc., '13, to Vera Belle May, at Edmonton, August 30, 1922. (Present address:

Teviotdale-Wilson—David Jefferson Teviotdale, to Agnes Kathleen Wilson, at Edmonton, September 6, 1922.

Morgan-Buchanan—Stanley Chapin Morgan (Department of Physics), to Gladys Buchanan, B.A., '17, at Edmonton, Aug. 1922.

Stover-Lee — Norman Stover, B.Sc., '21, to Vera Lee, M.Sc., '22, at Edmonton, August 1, 1922.

Facey-Armstrong—Dr. Frederick Duncan Facey, (a former University of Alberta student), to Cora Francis Armstrong, B.A., '17, at Toronto, October 19, 1922.

BIRTHS

Harlow—To Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Harlow, a son, Milton Donald, on June 17, 1922, at Ashton Dale, Landour, India.

Graham—To Mr. and Mrs. N. F. W. Graham, a son, Harry Douglas, at Sault Ste. Marie, on November 12, 1922.

Tookey-Anderson—Clarence Hall Tookey, B.A., '20, to Minerva Anderson (M.A., Leland Stanford) at Los Angeles, California, July 15, 1922. Present address, Santa Monica.

When Summer Comes

Each spring, when the honk of the wild goose lures the Ibsenite from the fireside, we faculty "degree-hunters" fling the family belongings into a suitcase and board the transcontinental for eastward haunts—a migration which either pigeon-holes us as Mentally Defectives—or, at least, labels us as 'raræ aves'.

Yet we are, perhaps, more deserving of pity than of blame. The call of our chosen sport is ringing in our ears, and to the entrancing, though far-distant, possibility of potting our favorite degree,—is added the well-known professor,—is added the well-nigh irresistible attraction of "simmering" in Chicago. For this latter pursuit no other city is better qualified. Situated on a series of low-lying flats — once prehistoric swamps—crowded with countless rows of railroad stations, skyscrapers, apartment blocks and flimsy frame fire-traps, it is extraordinarily susceptible to the humid wiles of the sun and fiery sirius, — advantages which are further enhanced by forests of belching factory-chimneys and by the nasal impact of the largest

and most powerful packing-plants in the world; while underfoot in many sections miles of tar-covered pavements aid in retaining the visitor's affections. To see an Alberta professor inhaling the packing-plant breeze in short, eager sniffs, and gently simmering on a hot and sticky pavement in the full blaze of a brassy Chicago sun is to realize that for such as these Hades has but few felicities in store.

These attractions, modestly enough, are not emphasized in the voluminous literature which boosts the "Windy City" as the most favored summer-resort in the world. Instead comparative unessentials, such as boulevards, parks and bathing beaches, are prolifically advertised. These are indeed fine. Two of the drives along the lake front, Michigan Boulevard and Sheridan Road are particularly magnificent. The latter, which runs through Chicago's central abode of plutocracy, "the Gold Coast", boasts a fleet of omnibuses on which one often sees the ardent but impetuous lover paying court to his sweetheart, innocent and una-

bashed. Further out, this drive passes by a succession of opulent country-houses and finally winds around the intricacies of Snake Hill, at the bottom of which an artistically arranged "bump" lies in wait for the speeding motorist.

These boulevards are but two of a series of drives that link Chicago's splendidly-conceived system of parks into a mighty chain which stretches through the city, and presents to the tourist a panorama of grassy swards, brilliantly-hued beds of flowers, and high-foliaged trees. The parks, themselves are studded with lagoons, bridle-paths, driveways, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, golf courses, caged animals, conservatories, fountains, statuary and roque courts. On Sundays and holidays they swarm with devotees of these sports, and with throngs of eager and sticky picnickers of every nationality.

Two of the largest of the parks, Washington and Jackson, are close to the University. In Jackson Park, which borders on Lake Michigan, are two golf courses, which, Mr. Owen assures us, do much to mitigate the lot of the degree hunter. Equally attractive are the nearby bathing beaches. Here the interests of the spectator are liberally protected, and a grandstand, from which the scenic effects may be viewed in comfort, fills a long-felt need. Our esteemed registrar is confident that this has been a god-send to those of the Alberta staff who, although not golf or tennis enthusiasts, are athletically inclined. Several of them have often been heard expiating on the benefits of an afternoon's pavilioning.

The University itself has a delightful site on the Midway that joins these two parks. Its various buildings—many of them overgrown with ivy,—are for the most part architecturally attractive, although the tower of Harper Memorial library,—itself a fine example of collegiate gothic,

—inevitably reminds one of two victrolas with their feet where their heads ought to be. The campus, in which the buildings are set, is a green park of grassy lawns, beds of flowers and deep-foliaged trees, with some forty clay tennis courts for student use. Amid these restful surroundings one may remain master of his soul even while simmering.

As a post-graduate school the University is remarkably efficient. All departments impress one as being extremely well organized, and the amount of research work done is striking. The "high-pressure" spirit of the place seems to permeate even the students; yet for the graduate scholar the four-days-a-week system of lectures is very soothing and the library facilities are a delight to the book-lover's soul. Registration, of course, rejoices in tortuous entanglements and the lecturer, who has now become the lecturee, feels that for once the punishment fits the crime. Other details, of classes, of the University cafeterias, in which students are the waiters, of the stranglehold of the University "frat" on college life, and of British club gatherings might be added, but the reader will perhaps pardon me if I pass them by and venture a few bromidic remarks on several of the further impressions produced on the casual observer by the city itself.

Coming from a comparatively poor country, one is struck by the enormous wealth and activity of the place. From the skyscrapers of the "Loop"—to the remote boulevards, the streets are often swiftly-moving avenues of expensive autos. Overhead on many streets the elevated thunders damnably, and, on occasion, has been known to rush over unwary victims and drop them on the unsuspecting pedestrian below. The surge and roar of city life never ceases—witness the Winnipeg student who lay awake until four a.m. listening to the motorists

rushing down the Midway. Business may be dull and prohibition is, as here, nominally in force, but two of our staff, Messrs. Milne and Moss assert that night life in cabaret and roadhouse is as vivid and as moist as ever. Even for sober folk there are excitements. Thrilling indeed were the Chicago race riots in which for three days Negroes were liberated—from the cares of this life.

In preparation for hold-ups, I was informed, a nice etiquette must be observed. The prospective victim must not carry too much—or too little. A year ago, near the Hotel del Prado, a poor unfortunate with only fifty-five cents in his pockets was perforated by a justly incensed and self-respecting bandit.

Although on one occasion our next-door neighbor was relieved of his fortune not three blocks from the University, and, during the same summer, numerous "Piggie-Wiggies," — known in Edmonton as groceterias,—were looted in the immediate vicinity, the downtown districts and foreign sections are the chief lurking place for the hold-up man, who is frequently, according to

opponents of the Chicago administration, under police protection.

As in Alberta, immigrants were settled in huge blocks which have not yet been assimilated. Illuminating here is the anecdote told at Hull House of the Norwegian who, when discovered after seventeen years in Chicago, could sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in Chinese. In the packing plant district, however, club houses have been erected by the employers, and here the foreigners are taught English by the direct or perambulatory method. To see a teacher explain to a class the significance of the word "walk" is to understand the meaning of "Education on the hoof!"

One might multiply here anecdotes of municipal graft, or describe Chicago's Coney Island, the Municipal Pier, or even introduce the reader to the real American of Chicago, who far outnumber the other varieties and whose aims and tastes are thoroughly cultured and worth while. But the editor warns me that his patience is completely exhausted. My reader must himself fill in the further experiences of the "degree-hunter."

—W. G. HARDY.

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One of Ours

(By Willa Cather)

Ever since her first book appeared some years ago, the leading critics in the United States have noted in Miss Cather's work that quality of painstaking thoroughness, which is so often lacking in modern novels. She has given three years of hard work to her new book, "One of Ours," and it is the best American novel I have read for many years. It is as true to the life of the Middle West as "Main Street," without its monotonous acidity. Miss Cather knows her people; is conscious of their weaknesses, but recognizes also their sterling qualities.

Claude Wheeler, the hero of the story, is the son of a wealthy Nebraska farmer. He is a normal healthy boy of 17 years of age, but we find him at the very beginning of the book strangely disturbed and unhappy. His name to begin with, is a source of humiliation.

"Claude"! It was a chump name like "Elmer" and "Roy"—a hay-seed name trying to be fine. In country schools there was always a red-headed, warty-handed, runny-nosed little boy called "Claude"! He had been long enough at a small denominational college to realize its limitations and to long for a University career. But this dream was denied him and apparently by circumstances over which he has no control. At the end of a year he finds himself at home again with the responsibility of his father's broad acres upon his shoulders.

"Claude knew—and everybody else knew, seemingly—that there was something wrong with him. He had been unable to conceal his discontent. Mr. Wheeler was afraid he was one of those visionary fellows, who make unnecessary difficulties for themselves and other people. Mrs. Wheeler thought the trouble with

her son was that he had not yet found his Saviour. Baylis (the older brother) was convinced that his brother was a moral rebel. The neighbors liked Claude, but they laughed at him, and said that it was a good thing his father was well fixed. Claude was aware that his energy instead of accomplishing something, was spent in resisting unalterable conditions and in unavailing efforts to subdue his own nature."

The pictures of the bluff, good-natured father, the sneaking older brother, and the sweet little mother, who moves about among her "men folks" in a sort of bewilderment are clearly drawn.

I have seldom seen anything more realistic than Miss Cather's description of a stuffy Sunday afternoon in a western farmhouse with a blizzard raging outside. That bit is so true that one can scent the hot musty air and feel the over-fed drowsiness of a shut-in Sunday afternoon.

There follows Claude's disastrous marriage to a thoroughly nice but soulless young woman of the countryside—and then the War.

One wonders what the modern novelist would do without the war—it provides such an easy way out of all sorts of difficulties. The more complicated and trying Claude's position became, the more I realized we would have to have a war to help him out, and it came along nicely, just in time in fact, in April, 1917. I breathed freely then. But there is this to be said for Miss Cather's war chapters: They are convincingly real.

The story of Claude's farewell before he sailed for France is perhaps one of the finest things in the book. In order to make it easier for the little mother, Mr. Wheeler had contrived to keep Claude out of the house all morning, fixing the car till nearly

train time.

"Mrs. Wheeler sat down in her reading chair. They wanted to keep her away and it was selfish of them. Why couldn't they spend these last hours quietly in the house instead of dashing in and out and frightening her. . . .

When Claude entered, carrying his hat in his hand, she saw by his walk, his shoulders, and the way he held his head, that the moment had come, and that he meant to make it short. She rose, reaching towards him as he came up to her and caught him in her arms. She was smiling her little curious, intimate smile, with half-closed eyes. "Well, is it good-bye?" she murmured. She passed her hand over his shoulders, down his strong back, and the close-fitting sides of his coat, as if she were taking the mould and measure of his mortal frame. Her chin came just to his breast pocket and she rubbed it against the heavy cloth. Claude stood looking down at her without speaking a word. Suddenly his arms tightened and he almost crushed her. "Mother," he whispered, as he kissed her. He ran down stairs and out of the house without looking back." Now that is exactly the way men did say good-bye during the war. One rarely saw melodrama, even at Victoria

station when a "leave train" was going out.

Many people will dislike the tipsy R. A. F. officer Miss Cathers brings into the picture near the end of the book, but to me the skill with which he is drawn is amazing. The R. A. F. was largely made up of school boys, gallant young *Coueurs du Ciel*, for whom life was only a matter of a few months and many of them drained it to the dregs; besides "single men in barracks don't 'grow into plaster-saints.' The glimpses of army life in France in this book are as vivid and as true as I have read anywhere.

Of course Claude stays in France. One is glad he does. There is nothing else for it. Somehow you know from the beginning that he must not come back. "When Mrs. Wheeler got the message of his death over the 'phone from the telegraph office she said 'Thank-you,' and felt her way softly to her chair. She had an hour alone, when there was nothing but him in the room—but him and the map of France there, which was the end of his road. Somewhere among those perplexing names he had at last found his place."

E. A. CORBETT.

New Appointments

This being the first issue of *The Trail* since the opening of the session, we take this opportunity of chronicling the following changes and additions to the University staff:

J. P. Sackville, B.S.A., Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, appointed Professor of Animal Husbandry.

Professor A. A. Dowell resigned to accept a post in the Animal Husbandry Dept., University of Minnesota.

Robert Newton, B.S.A. (McGill), M.Sc. (Minnesota), has returned after a year's leave of absence and is now promoted to Professor in the Department of Field Husbandry.

J. D. Newton, B.S.A. (Macdonald College), Ph.D. (California), appointed Assistant Professor of Soils.

Miss Gladys Leavell resigned as Lecturer in Chemistry and returned to the University of Chicago.

Mr. R. Sandin, M.Sc., has returned after a year's leave of absence at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Oscar C. Bridgman, M.A. (Sask.), appointed lecturer in Chemistry.

Mr. P. A. W. Wallace resigned as lecturer in English.

Mr. F. Millet Salter, B.A. (Dalhousie), A.M. (Chicago), appointed lecturer in English.

S. R. Laycock, B.A. (Toronto), M.A., B.D. (Alberta), appointed Instructor in Latin.

W. H. K. Harkness, B.A. (Toronto), appointed Instructor in Zoology.

Victor Ernest Kleven, LL.B. (Sask.), B.C.L. (Oxford), Lecturer in Law.

Miss Grace Gladstone, B.Sc. (Virginia State Normal School), appointed Instructor in Household Ec.

Grant Lochhead, Ph.D. (McGill), Lecturer in Biochemistry.

Mr. Max Fife, B.Sc. (Alberta), M.Sc. (Mass Inst. Tech.), who was lecturer in Civil Engineering, resigned to accept a post as Assist. Prof. at Mass. Institute of Technology.

H. R. Webb, M.Sc. (Alberta), has been appointed Lecturer in Civil Engineering.

Miss M. F. Rivett resigned her post as lecturer in Botany and returned to England.

To all the new members we extend a hearty welcome and trust that they will enjoy their work in the University of Alberta.

Vachel Lindsay

(By Professor E. K. Broadus)

At the request of many of our readers, the following criticism of Vachell Lindsay has been republished from *The Gateway*:

"What do you think of Vachel Lindsay?" For several days after Mr. Lindsay's visit the question took the place of "Delightful weather, isn't it?" as the stock form of greeting on the campus. But back of the question lay something more than mere conversation-making. Right or wrong, good or bad, Lindsay was at least provocative. It is true that the conventionally-

minded dismissed him with a contemptuous: "Oh, a mere vaudeville performer!" Contempt for the unconventional, the unfamiliar, is the pose which intellectual timidity assumes in self-defense. To such, Lindsay was not provocative; he was only mildly irritating. But to the open-minded and the thoughtful, there remained, after Lindsay's performance was over, the insistent question: "If Shakespeare is poetry, if Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and Tennyson are poetry, what in the

name of "Cally-ope" is this?" At first, perhaps, the question seemed to answer itself. If they are, this isn't. But on second thoughts, a doubt interposed. Aren't we, perhaps, confusing the accessories of poetry with the essence of it? Is rhyme essential to poetry? Milton called rhyme "the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre." Are regularly recurrent metres essential? William Blake called fixed metres a "monotony not only awkward but as much a bondage as rhyme itself." Is a special "poetical" vocabulary essential? Wordsworth affirmed that "there neither is nor can be any difference between the language of prose (he qualified it afterwards by saying, the best prose) and metrical composition." Are "poetical" subjects—lords and ladies, romance and starlight and moonshine — essential? Wordsworth thought that, at least for what he was trying to do, "low and rustic life was better because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and (note the "speak a plainer and more emwords) "speaks a plainer and more emphatic language." Are refinement of theme and refinement of manner essential? One recalls that utterance of Walt Whitman's which rocked his contemporaries with derisive laughter:

"The spotted hawk swoops by me
and accuses me, he complains
of my gab and my loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed, I too am
untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over
the roofs of the world."

And yet Whitman is acclaimed today not only in his own country, but also—and even more—in cooler and more judicious England, as a genuine and enduring poet.

After all, doesn't it seem as if poetry might still be poetry even without most of the traditional

conventions and refinements and delicacies? And isn't it possible that Whitman's characterization of his own poems may have a wider application:

"The words of my book nothing;
the drift of it everything"?

Lindsay, the man? Well, grant his crudeness. Grant, if you like, that he suffered from an excess of manner and a deficiency of manners. But the crudeness of the man need not blind one to the really fine thing that the man is doing, nor to the energy and imaginative power which he brings to the doing of it. If he had said: "Now, my friends, I'm going to give you an imitation of the sounds of the various motor-horns on the Santa Fe trail," and if his imitation had been "wonderful and yet again wonderful and after that out of all whooping," it would still have been nothing but "vaudeville." But beyond these mere vocalizations lay the fact that he had caught a note of beauty in a raucous and dusty world, and that he had given that beauty expression. Isn't that the essence of poetry? Moreover, it was not for the super-refined critic that this poem was written. He could, I imagine Lindsay saying, take it or leave it. But the men who drove those cars, men of whom most perhaps were as raucous as their own horns—these, I take it, were the ones for whom the poem was primarily designed. Get it to them (and how else than by the over-stress of the public platform could it be got to them?) and perhaps they too may develop an eye and an ear for beauty on the Santa Fe trails of life. Isn't this a legitimate function of poetry—and one of the best?

As for "The Congo," I confess that I felt more battered than exalted by Lindsay's recitation of it. But it is a poem that will bear reading and re-reading to oneself. It is an expression of the elemental passions and spiritual gropings of a race—a race in whom laughter and tears, the

artless playfulness of children and the nemesis of subordination and fear, are forever blended. There's a theme there; and Lindsay has treated it, not only with power but also with an imaginative sensitiveness to its tragic beauty.

As I write these words, the mail brings the current number of the Literary Supplement of the London Times. The critic of the Times, voicing the broad sympathy of a far more cultivated country than ours, closes his review of Aiken's "Modern Poets" as follows: "Mr. Lindsay stands out among Mr. Aiken's group of writers as one who is indubitably

striving for the right thing. He cares first for sympathy with normal minds, the minds of those to whom he feels himself to belong. This is so unusual a thing in modern art that the first shock of it when it strikes home to us has the flavour of cant, and a certain amount of cant was probably inevitable if it was to be maintained. Yet Mr. Lindsay succeeds; and if he succeeds, it is not because he has a theory and not even because his theory is a good one, but because he does really feel so much of what he has decided he ought to feel."

Scholarships for Women Graduates

Through the efforts of University women throughout the world, more assistance in the way of scholarships is gradually becoming available to women students who are desirous of carrying on research work after graduation. The following scholarships are of interest to women graduates in Canada:

1. A travelling scholarship of \$1,000 offered by the Canadian Federation of University Women, open to any woman holding a degree from a Canadian University. Preference is given to candidates who have completed at least one or two years at graduate study and have a definite research in preparation. Application for this scholarship must be made not later than February 1st. This scholarship was won this year by Miss Dixie Pelluet, a University of Alberta graduate, who is now studying in London.

2. An International Prize Fellowship in Arts of the value of £100 offered by the British Federation of University Women to assist the holder to carry on research during the academic year 1923-24. This is open to members of all associations or federations of University women forming branches of the International Federation. The fellowship should

be used for the furtherance of research in Arts, including such subjects as Archaeology, Language, Literature or History; Metaphysical, Moral or Political Science, Law, and Theology. Applications must be in by January 20th, 1923.

3. An International Fellowship of the value of \$1,000, offered by the American Association of University Women to enable the holder to carry on a year's research in some country other than her own during the academic year 1923-24. Applications must be in by February 1st, 1923. This, like the previous one, is open to all members of Associations or Federations of University Women forming branches of the International Federation. Any woman living in Alberta, who is a graduate of an accredited University and who is not a member of such an Association, can become eligible for either of these fellowships by joining the Women's University Club of Edmonton, which is a branch of the International Federation of University Women.

Further details concerning these scholarships may be obtained from Miss J. F. Montgomery, President of the Women's University Club of Edmonton, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Incorrect Addresses

Any readers who knew the whereabouts of those listed below would be conferring a favor by notifying Mrs. E. T. Mitchell, secretary of the Alumni Assoc., U. of A., Edmonton, or R. T. Hollis, treasurer. In every case letters have been returned from the address shown opposite their names.

Bissell, Miss I. B., Edmonton.
Blaney, Dr. York, Lethbridge, Alta.

Brown, Milton, 9909 112th St., Edmonton.

Copeland, Earl R. P.
Cousins, Frank C., Assiniboia, Sask.

Dunham, Miss Aileen, University of London, England.

Devaney, Thomas, Box 1717, Calgary.

Fulton, James, Belfast, Ireland.

Fraser, Harry B., Medicine Hat, Alta.

Forster, H. E., Calgary, Alta.

Glover, James B., 156 Athabasca Ave., Edmonton.

Lang, Hector, 11737 Jasper Ave., Edmonton.

Lonsdale, T. H.
Mathews, A. W., 11217 97 St., Edmonton.

Middleton, W. T., 1742 Lee Ave., Victoria, B.C.

Macdonald, N. D., Box 54, Suffield, Alta.

McAllister, Chas. B., Brooks, Alta., or Eyremore.

McNamara, Sister B., Ste Anne's Convent, Edmonton.

O'Connor, T. J., Calgary, Alta.

McVicar, John, 1213 9th St., W., Calgary.

Russel, James G.
Russel, Percy H., Medicine Hat, Alta.

Sands, Sidney H., Tuker, Alta.

Scott, Percy.

Suitor, Minnie.

Snyder, Edward C.

Trainor, Gregory, Carmangay, Alta.